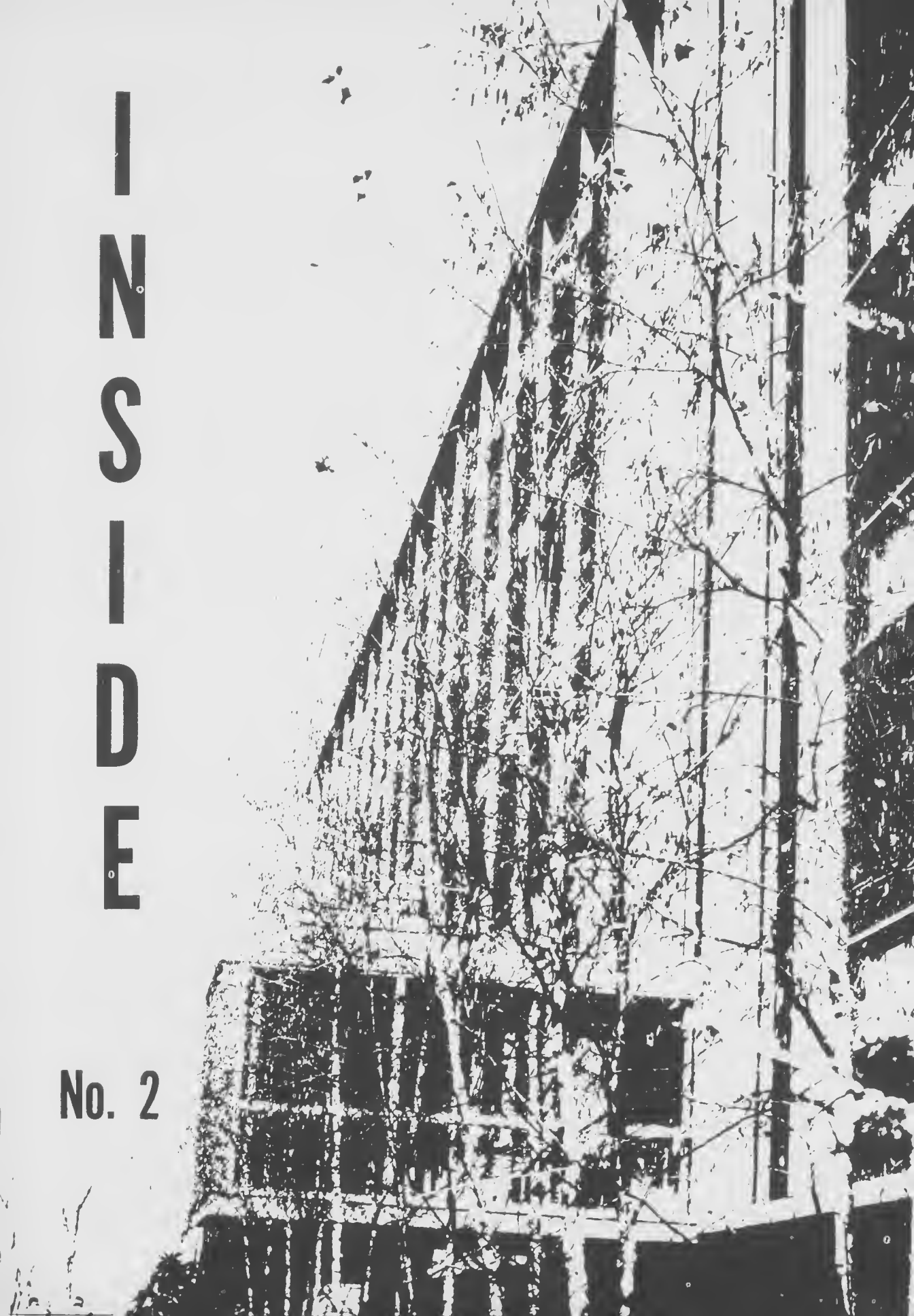


I N S I D E

No. 2



INSIDE

A Publication of *The Gateway*, Undergraduate Newspaper of the University of Alberta, Edmonton.

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The

Johnny arrives at university and can neither read, write, nor speak properly. Johnny fails freshman English. Stupid people anyway, thinks Johnny, who scrapes through the next year with 51 per cent. Thank God that's over with, he thinks, not realizing he has just flushed his last chance for success down the stupid drain of his brain.

The mark of an educated man always has been, and likely will continue to be, his ability to handle and utilize the written and spoken word. Any person in any responsible position will finally encounter this hidden but powerful beast. His success in overcoming it will determine his success in life from that point on.

Responsibility requires communication, analysis, and logical solution for problems. We think in words. We reason in words. We even hypothesize scientific solutions in words. Johnny might make a lousy engineer because he failed English. As a matter of fact he probably will.

Who did Johnny dirt? How was he gypped?

* * *

Well, there are a lot of people responsible, but probably the chief offenders are the Department of Education of the Province of Alberta and Johnny's lousy pre-university English teachers.

The hardest punch in the ribs likely came from the third-rate English curriculum that exists in the Alberta school system. The books that make up this course seem to be designed to keep Johnny as illiterate as some of our MLA's or as our local newspaper critic. The "stories" and "poems" that Johnny roamed through for twelve years were gleaned from popular magazines, fifth-rate Canadian authors ("If it's Canadian, it's got to be good . . ."), and anything around that might be entertaining, amusing, obviously didactic (as long as it's patriotic), and easy to understand.

There was no progression in Johnny's training since his learning came from a grab-bag of literature rather than a tradition. There was no progression in his compositional abilities since there was no formal

Realm Of Myopia

*"Only lazy teachers would
permit a curriculum like the
one existing in Alberta to
remain,"*

says Bill Somers

program in grammar. ("That's old fashioned . . ."). There was no progression in his ability to read and think for himself since there was no training in *how* to read (it's the pre-digested *ideas* that count).

In short, Johnny wasted his time for twelve years. Poor Johnny.

Now Johnny thinks 'English' is stupid, because he can't understand it. Poor Johnny. As a matter of fact he thinks all Art is stupid, never realizing that English is Art. Poor, tragic, Johnny. Poor, stupid, misled teachers teaching Johnny. They never knew English was Art either. Besides that, they were lazy.

Only lazy teachers would permit a curriculum like the one that now exists in Alberta to remain. Maybe there are a few brave dissenting voices now and again, but the majority remain mum. Easier to be mum than to have to prepare a new course. "Besides, I might have to learn some of those hard authors I never read, like Mailer, Mitchell, Salinger, Miller, Swift, Shaw and Shakespeare. And don't tamper with that grammar course. Good God! Do you want me to teach *that* stuff? And I might have to mark an essay every two weeks or something. Teach *novels*? Are you kidding? Those kids could never understand a novel. Besides, they have their "free" reading list and can choose whatever they wish to read. That's the democratic thing to do, isn't it? Teaches them good values too, you know. Oblique teaching is what's important, too."

Conversation overheard in a high school English classroom:

Johnny: What's a poem?

Teacher: A poem is rhymed prose. It also has rhythm. It is also compressed and expresses an emotion. Another kind of poem tells a story. It also has figures of speech.

Poor Johnny. Poor teacher. Obliqueness has evolved into crooked myopia which will shortly result in acute apathia. But that's all right, because teach will continue to pull in his six grand a year for a six-hour day and ten-month year.

Conversation overheard in freshman English course at university:

Prof: A poem is an experience, effected by an accumulation of rhythm, rhyme, metaphor, symbol, and unity of emotion and thought. It is a *complete* experience, like the sex act.

Johnny: (snickering) You're kidding.

Poor prof, who has to teach and probably fail Johnny. Poor Johnny, whose greatest experience in the last six months was doing the twist, and who looks forward to even greater experiences like bowling and television. Lucky prof, who only has to teach eight months a year.

* * *

Nevertheless, poor conscientious teacher in high school who is saddled with the plodding curriculum and a thundering stampede of some 300 students daily. Small wonder that he is parsimonious with essay assignments. Shame on the Department of Education for letting such a herd loose on one hombre. ("But English is one of those easy subjects, anyone can teach it, not like French or chemistry or home ec.").

Shame on the Department for the part they play in setting out training for English teachers in the Faculty of Education at the University of Alberta. Poor conscientious profs who have to teach a teacher-training curriculum that is even worse than the one in the schools.

Any conscientious teacher who has taken this course will tell you as much, and in capital letters too, and probably with a few swear words tacked on to both ends too.

What is even more perverse, most of the people taking this course have absolutely no background in English literature, NO background. It's like teaching jungle safari techniques to Eskimos, or whale hunting to hyenas.

(please turn over)

*“And if you read the text
you’ll become real
creative”*

First day of school at a local high school.
The principal speaks:

Principal: All right. All you real smart kids go into 10A, you mediocre kids go into 10B, and you dumb ones go into 10Z. That’s called ‘streaming’, which is the only fair way to do things. Oh yeah! And you technical kids go into 10ZZZ. And don’t ever let anyone around here tell you aren’t as good as anyone else. (reflecting placidly on what he has done). Ah. There’s nothing like equality to make you think that life’s all right after all.

A little while later, the head of the English department speaks to the congregated grade ten students:

Head: All right. The text for you 10A’s is ‘Creative Living’. The text for you 10B’s is ‘Creative Living’. The text for you 10Z’s is, ‘Creative Living’. The text for you (blows his nose) vocational people is . . . ‘Creative Living’. That’s called ‘streaming’, which is the only fair way to do things.

Creative Living—a compendium of the world’s greatest authors. You remember Carl Stephenson, Edmund Ware, Jack Scott, Rene Kraus, Richard Connell, Dorothy McFarlane, Marjorie Marks, Frank Brookhouser, R. J. C. Stead, Whit Burnett, W. R. Wees, and Kenneth Leslie, I’m sure. If you don’t, you should have. Their stories and poems have appeared in everything from Esquire Magazine to the Ladies Home Journal. Very timely stuff, very timely.

And if you read it, you’ll become real creative. It’s guaranteed.

Poor Johnny.

**O CANAD — UGH !
(a hundred years of it)**

by James Malcolm

O Canad—ugh!
with the schizaid grin,
teetering, dizzy, between U.S.A.
and E.C.M.

Bi-illiterate drowning
in linguistic sea,
balancing, undecided
between ‘yes’ and ‘oui’.

Our home and native land
with cozy, neat reserves
for our foreign indian bands.

A home secure and free from vice,
legislated pure to keep it nice.
A land of honey-coated laws
to milk the soul, and muzzle
freedom’s aching jaws.

True patriot love
less an anthem and a flag.

Fluttered truth upon a pole;
our pale, limp, British rag.

With all our sons,
command a leaky ship of state,
whether in bloody war or
the shiver of a chilly peace,
we stand? our buttocks sore,
all-be-it, days or years too late.

With glowing hearts
we see thee rise, turnip-tapped,
in socialistic muck;
a meal for all
where all are worth a buck.

The true north strong and free,
riding a tidal wave
of southern, hungry pockets,
to stumble on a bankrupt shoal
and break,
and moan,
and slowly bleed back
to a gorging southern sea.

And stand? oh we do stand
on guard for thee!

Grim as death, and smelling,
the soap and scissors
of our washing,
cherub faced and clean of heart,
we stand, and stand,
and stand,
and stand,
and * @ t&.

Glorious and free,
sovereign people of this lond,
backed to a wall of Hansards,
a heavily taxed bayonet
to hold us at attention
in a drizzly mist;
a cold, uncertain morning.

A dark, limp, feeble land
in maurning.



The Dehumanization of JFK

by Peter Menzel

One year has passed since the assassination of John Kennedy. One year during which enough has happened to enable us to look at the story of Kennedy a little more objectively.

I do not attempt to pass judgment, but rather to explain the North American public's tendency to make Kennedy a hero. These efforts, conscious or unconscious, I will relate to theories about the process of hero-making, in both historical and modern times.

At the outset of our consideration of the phenomenon called "the hero", we must make explicit some facts that are, under normal circumstances, tacitly assumed when talking of this subject. The hero's background, his birth and youth, is either known to the general public or it is not. This, rather obvious, state of affairs is

"There are in post World War Two days few possibilities of becoming a hero . . .

significant, inasmuch as it determines not only much of the form of the hero admiration; but, more important, the way in which a hero is created in the minds of people.

AND it is precisely the public who accepts the hero as such, who must be convinced by the hero-maker. If the background of the hero is well known, then the hero-maker has the task of convincing the public that a person they thought they knew has somehow acquired the mythical qualities of a hero—a difficult feat indeed. If, on the other hand, the hero's early history is unknown, he can be surrounded with a mythical-heroic aura from the time of his birth, which makes his being accepted as a hero in our minds much easier.

In the case of all pre-historical heroes, such as Siegfried or OEdipus, their backgrounds were sufficiently little known to allow much free invention. Such facts, moreover, which were thought to detract from the hero-myth were forgotten, willingly and soon. It is curious, and not too well known, that these freely invented early histories show a surprising amount of similarity, even in detail, despite the differences in time, cultural development, and personality of both myth-makers and heroes.

SO great, in fact, is the resemblance, that investigators of the myth, such as Otto Rank in his *The Myth of the Birth of the Hero*, have been able to construct a "standard myth," which runs like this:

The hero is the child of most distinguished parents; usually the son of a king. His origin is preceded by difficulties, such as continence, or prolonged barrenness, or secret intercourse of the parents, due to external prohibition or obstacles. During the pregnancy, or antedating the same, there is a prophecy, in form of a dream or oracle, cautioning against his birth, and usually threatening danger to the father or his representative. As a rule, he is surrendered to the water, in a

box. He is then saved by animals, or by lowly people (shepherds) and is suckled by a female animal, or by a humble woman. After he has grown up, he finds his distinguished parents, in a highly versatile fashion; takes his revenge on his father, on the one hand, is acknowledged on the other, and finally achieves rank and honors.

The agreement of the various myth-makers as to what constitutes a desirable background of a hero tells us a number of things about the popular concept of "hero". Thus, for example, in the "distinguished parents" we see the emphasis placed, in most societies, on good blood.

THOSE readers who are inclined to doubt that in modern democracies we place much value on lineage, I remind of the Earl of Snowdon, and of the numerous firms who specialize in "tracing your descent (family tree) in Europe" (and who usually come up with an aristocratic ancestor).

We also note the hero's versatility, his sense of a mission, and his leadership abilities.

Most important of all, however, we find that the hero has been, since before his birth, surrounded by difficulties which he has successfully overcome; therefore, apparently, some higher power was interested in his survival, since he is to accomplish an important deed.

Turning to the modern hero, it is clear today's hero-maker is working with an altogether different set of circumstances. He must, however, instill much the same ideas, attitudes, and emotions concerning the modern hero in our minds, as were instilled in the minds of admirers of pre-historic heroes.

It is fortunate for the modern myth-maker that, while there are Bureaux of Vital Statistics in almost every country, and it is, therefore, all but impossible to invent a background like that of Siegfried for a modern hero (which a modern hero worshipper would not believe anyway), we are, in our own way, just as credulous as were our forefathers, and even more in need of heroes.

THERE is little need today to falsify records, because popular accounts of modern psychology have proven that the life of a rich youth can be at least as difficult as that of a poor one—Hollywood, for one, has done so on countless occasions.

The modern myth-maker, however, operates under a handicap which only an adept can turn into a blessing in disguise. There are in North America of post World War Two days few possibilities of becoming a hero in the traditional sense of that term, simply because in our technically complex civilization it is not easily possible for a single individual to influence society to an extent discernable by the general public.

This atmosphere is not particularly conducive to the making of heroes, or at least it would not appear to be so on first consideration. At the same time, the people need heroes today as much as ever, for heroes are the tangible expressions of our strivings for "a better world", whatever we mean by that cliché; they serve as inspiration and models of behavior for the young and the not-so-young.

WHAT is the Reader's Digest feature "The Most Unforgettable Character I Have Met" if it is not a description of lesser heroes? And the popularity of the series can surely be ascribed to the fact that it fills part of our need for heroes. The same question can be asked about the Beatles and other Teenage Idols. In other words, the relative scarcity of major heroes in the twentieth century, partly because of our technological advances and partly because of the democratic ideal of equality, has helped to install a host of lesser heroes, all created by masters in manipulating the people's need for some contemporary heroic figures.

Similarly, political differences present only superficial difficulties to the myth-maker, and not real ones. That is, while ideology forces the myth-maker to modify some details of the hero's history, the essential characteristics of all heroes are the same.

TURNING now to the way modern myths, and with it modern heroes, are made, we find that there are certain established patterns today just as there were in pre-historic times. We like our heroes to come from poor, or at least middle-class, parents, probably in order to more easily identify with them. Scientists-as-heroes are, ideally, derided when they first present their theories or findings to their already established colleagues, which is a form of the conflict between succeeding generations.

We also like our modern hero with some quirk of character,

some easy to forgive failing which makes him more human and, therefore, easier to accept. Like his predecessor, the modern hero must exhibit perseverance in the face of difficulties, discouragement, and disbelief on the part of others.

HE must, of course, be able to show some sort of crowning achievement. While in this last respect we are more easily satisfied than were our forefathers, in another, that of humility, we are far more demanding. There is nothing more destructive to the image of a modern hero than pride. Film stars, heroes to many of their awed spectators, are aware of this, and claim to be "just people" and "oh so humble"; they also love children and dogs, which is surely a sign of the absence of that demon: Pride.

The characteristics discussed in the preceding paragraph have been ascribed to a comparatively large number of people, so that there were found to be too many so-called "heroes", a development which has led to the division into lesser and major, or "real", heroes. Reasons for the increased ranks of heroes, and the following division, are to be found, in part, in the lowering of standards of judgment, accompanied by a cheapening and misusing of language, for example in such epithets as "great", "outstanding", or "genius", emanating largely from the mass media and advertising.

THE whole phenomenon, which is very complex and cannot entirely be blamed on the people who merely took advantage of it, seems to be connected to the misconception that "equality" means "equal in every conceivable respect", on the one hand; and the large number of people who appeared to stand above the newly lowered standards of equality, on the other. The resulting linguistic and semantic confusion was, of course, carried over into the field of popular hero worship, which, in turn, resulted in the greater number of heroes. Another factor; not to be overlooked in this connection is the number of people living today as compared to, say, A.D. 1500. It is certain that the quantity alone has contributed to the confusion.

Modern myth-makers are, then, forced to differentiate between the lesser and the major heroes of the present. The logical criterion for this operation, namely excellence, is not always

discernible at the close distance of a few years, at least not to the general public. For this reason, modern myth-makers have, whenever possible, employed two methods connected only indirectly to heroism. They are: comparison to another, already established heroic figure, and martyrdom.

Martyrdom can be defined in its broadest sense as: the willingness, on the part of the martyr, of paying any price including his life, to uphold his convictions. Now, while there doubtlessly were martyrs, in this sense of the term, during Classical antiquity, martyrdom as such was not very highly thought of by the pagans. Certainly, no one was declared a hero because of it. It was Christianity that first brought us the hero-martyr.

THE problem of the early Christian Martyr can be considered here only as far as it touches this investigation. It seems clear that the Christian hero-martyrs influenced our concept of the hero, at least through their literal acceptance of the idea of an eternal reward, and through their following the example of Christ's death. It must also be remembered that to voluntarily join a religious minority who were persecuted in a ruthless manner necessitates strong convictions as well as innate heroism. Considering all of these facts, it is not really surprising that martyrdom continued to play a major role in the creation of our heroes.

It seems obvious that in our century, when the value placed on the individual human life is so much higher than it was in the late Roman Empire or in the Dark Ages, anyone willing to sacrifice his life for his ideals is almost automatically considered a hero. A point noteworthy in this connection is the posthumous medal, a late innovation. To be sure, the medal does honor heroism, but one wonders if the medal is not awarded as much for the life that was sacrificed as it is for the actual heroic deed.

It may of course be argued that assassination has nothing to do with martyrdom, because the victim did not die willingly. This is true enough superficially; but, at the same time, a political assassination always turns about ideals, and the victim dies because of his ideals. Hence he is at least as entitled to being considered a martyr as is the posthumous hero. Particularly since

the latter dies in war, while the former does not. An interesting variation on this theme can be found in cases where the assassin, who was killed either outright or legally by those in power, is later declared a hero to the cause, after the revolutionary party has succeeded.

HAVING at least touched upon the main problems of the modern hero, we are now in a position to consider the legend growing up around Kennedy, and to decide if it is, indeed, an attempt at myth-making. Any inferences as to whether he deserves to be, or become, a hero will be left strictly to the reader.

Shortly after he was elected president, Kennedy had caught the popular imagination enough to cause publication of an account of part of his war-time exploits. Eisenhower, by comparison, who certainly played a more important role in World War Two, even if some people claim that all he played was golf, never managed to inspire anyone to write a book on his military career. The enthusiasm for the war record of Kennedy, as compared to the coolness towards that of Eisenhower, is at least partly due to the romantic picture most of us have of sea-life and of commanding a ship at war, as opposed to the routine existence, in our minds, of a staff officer. The primary reason, however, for popular interest in Kennedy's adventures in the U.S. Navy can be found in the fact that it represents the beginning of a kind of "from rags to riches" story: "from an obscure naval officer to President in fifteen years."

KENNEDY'S death was, again, surrounded by circumstances the dramatic nature of which was bound to catch the public fancy. Particularly Ruby's bravado act of shooting the assassin under circumstances where he was certain to be caught, coupled with Oswald's stay in the U.S.S.R. and his affiliations with the Communist Party, and some of the implications of the combination of these two facts, were certain to hold people's interest.

The Quixotic explanation Ruby gave for his murder was nothing if not conducive to making martyrs of both Kennedy and his wife. Ruby's statement, that he wanted to spare the newly widowed Mrs. Kennedy the ordeal

(Concluded on page 10)



A Fable By Bohdan Harasymiw

Once upon a time on the edge of the green forest lived a pair of very beautiful birds who were very naive but very much in love. Their names were George and Emily. It was spring and they had just finished building their nest. They were very happy.

From the edge of the forest there stretched a vast and empty desert. One day as George, out of curiosity, was flying over this inhospitable expanse an object lying in the sand caught his eye. Downward he dove and alighted beside it. To his surprise he found it was an egg.

"Just the thing," thought he. "I'll take it home and we can have a head start in raising our family."

As soon as George brought it home Emily began sitting on the egg. Her heart fluttered with the joy of incipient motherhood. They were both delighted.

At least the egg hatched. Our birds were mildly disappointed for Junior didn't look at all like a bird. Yet the fact that he was their own made up for it and they

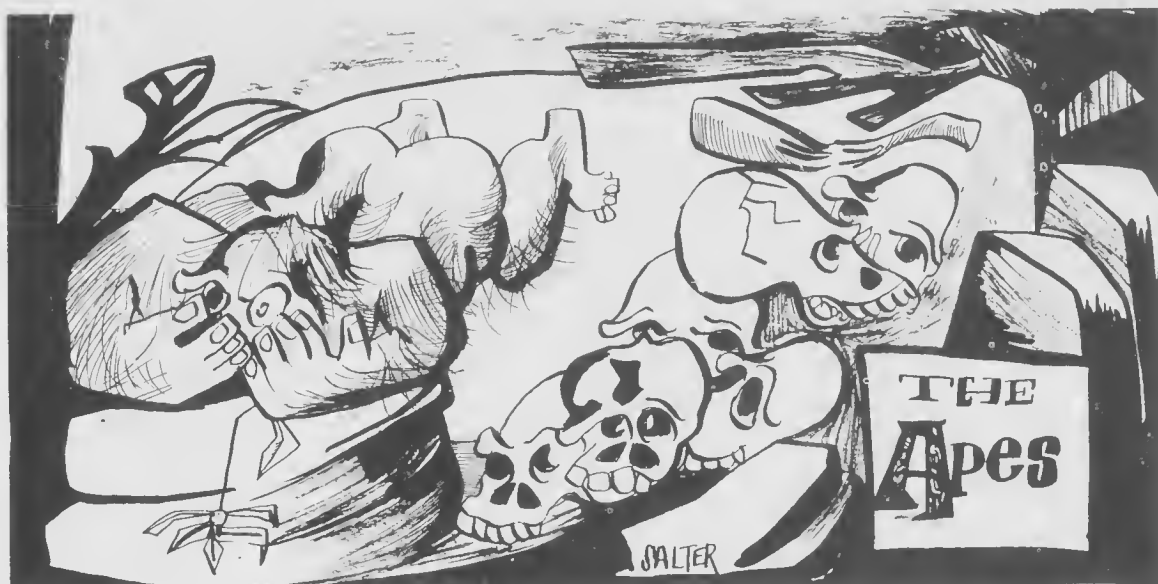
continued to lavish a great deal of care upon him.

Junior was always very hungry. George was wearing himself out trying to feed him. As the days went by he grew to resemble a bird less and less. His feathers just would not grow. Nor would his wings—they, oddly enough, looked just like his hind legs. Instead of learning to fly Junior crawled around on all fours, snapped maliciously at his parents from time to time, and became bigger and bigger. George and Emily grew disappointed indeed. And frightened.

After foraging far and wide one afternoon George returned to the nest where he had left Junior in the care of his mother. He found his offspring alone and in an unusual state of contentment. He seemed to have just eaten a large, satisfying meal. Some feathers were stuck about his jaws.

"Where's your mother?" cried George in alarm. He feared for the worst.

"Burp!" replied the impolite youngster. With a sudden leap he snatched George and devoured him, too.



Another Fable By Bohdan Harasymiw

On an island in the tropic ocean lived a colony of apes. Having on this blessed isle no foes or elements of Nature to contend with, these apes waged constant war among themselves. And so they occupied their time: eating, sleeping, cracking skulls.

One among them was there by the name of Adam who sat sullen on the sidelines and ignored their futile game.

"Still at it, eh?" inquired a gently mocking voice one day. It was that of Old Joe, distinguished veteran of many a scrap. "When're you going to return to the fold?"

"Never."

Joe chuckled.

"You're all mad," muttered Adam. "Fighting is wrong."

"Wrong or not, it's in our blood. It's in your blood, too. We can't live without fighting." He paused. "There's getting fewer of us every day. Better get in there before it's too late. You don't want to be the last one left, do you?"

"That might not be such a bad idea."

Joe shook his battered head. "Take it from me, m'boy. With no one left to fight with, you wouldn't be able to stand it."

"I bet."

For a moment he gazed sympathetically at the younger ape. "It's in your blood," Joe repeated. Then he sighed, turned around and hobbled into the jungle below.

A few days after this conversation the air seemed unusually still. Neither prolonged shrieks of anguish nor sounds of bodies being crushed could be heard. A tour of the island soon offered Adam an explanation for the abrupt change. His kinsmen were no longer fighting. In fact, his kinsmen were no longer living.

He was the sole survivor.

For the first two days of peace Adam rejoiced. On the third, however, he began to mope. And when the sun had crept out of sight below the horizon that same evening and the twilight had begun to fade, Adam walked slowly into the sea and drowned.

The Dehumanization of JFK

(Continued from page 7)

of being a witness in Oswald's trial, by the way, was never seriously questioned by either police or newspapers, once it was established that he had no connection with the Communist Party.

The funeral, "full of pomp and circumstance", was quite frankly that of a hero and need not be discussed at length. *Life* Magazine, incidentally, compared the ceremonies at Kennedy's funeral to those of King Edward VII. In this connection, it is interesting to note that the black charger, which follows the bier, carrying reversed empty boots in its stirrups, has traditionally been reserved for royalty.

SINCE then, the name of Kennedy has been, in newspapers and magazines, kept before the public eye. The movie based on the book discussed above was shown throughout the Western World. Last summer a group of people in Washington found enough coincidences between the deaths of Lincoln and Kennedy to deserve short articles in both

Time (August 21, 1964, p.21) and *Newsweek* (August 10, 1964, pp. 64f.).

BEYOND the facts that both former Presidents were assassinated, in the presence of their respective wives, because of their work in racial integration these coincidences seem irrelevant—such as the accident that both Oswald and Booth had the same number of letters in their first and family names, or that Kennedy's secretary was named Lincoln, and Lincoln's secretary was named Kennedy. The interest of the coincidence seekers is fairly clear; namely, by comparing Kennedy to Lincoln, to establish a connection of the two in our minds, in order that we may think of Kennedy as a "second Lincoln".

In drawing together the strings of this rather far-flung investigation, it seems that we must conclude that there is at least a movement, conscious or unconscious, towards making Kennedy into a hero. Since there is, at the

same time, a need for a Political Major Hero of the twentieth century, in order to have someone worthy of emulation and to have a personification of some of the ideals of American Democracy, it is more than probable that Kennedy will become a major hero.

HIS assassination, and the near martyrdom it conferred, do not seem to have been the main contributory factors, although they undoubtedly helped the myth-makers and accelerated the process. Meanwhile the myth-makers are still struggling under some handicaps, such as the Kennedy fortune and religion, but even those may turn out to be advantages, because, for one thing, the public likes occasionally, and when they are not personally involved, to be broad-minded; and, for another, the ever popular exception but proves the rule.

Kennedy, in his three short years as U.S. President, managed to impress popular imagination, through his national and international policy, his war record, his family, the "tragedy in the White House", and lastly though his assassination, apparently enough to ensure his becoming America's latest hero.

CHRISTIAN IN HIS CUPS

by John Ower

Beneath this lamp of burnished brass,
A-glitter in my whiskey glass,

Brighter than the sun, I see
The shape of Peter's golden key;

And, staring at the devil's air
I see his spectre beckon there.

Stone sober, when did he reveal
That I was cosy in his creel?—

But, swimming in this dizzy fit
Of grace unstoppered as I sit,

Tipping up my fat stone crock
I seem as solid as a rock;

The fiery spirits I spill out
Sting Satan home to hell in rout.

With the flashing angel's wings
This gush of benediction brings,

I'll fly my empty jug to Rome
To set upon St. Peter's dome,

Above the altar and the mass
The sinful gilt, and heathen brass;

And set St. Peter's portly heir
On top, and let him sway from there.

Then, trailing glory in the wind
As if old Adam never sinned,

Brighter than a shooting star,
Or Elijah's blinding car

I'll dazzle death to keep my date
With Peter at the pearly gate.

And now, another little lick!—
Cockcrow already? I feel sick.

A KIND OF INSTINCT

by James Malcolm

Look at this
Ambitious little ant
Toiling beneath a load
Of stick or speck of dust.
He cannot but by an instinct
Tell you why he works so hard.

Yet though we can see a vision
Of the product of our effort,
We, by our human instinct,
Cringe before the task,
Lose the vision,
And sleep.

A Short Story

By Guy Millisor

It wasn't really such a long, tiresome journey, but nonetheless I dreaded it as though it were. That's enough to make it so. I've found that many things in life are what you make them, the cliché notwithstanding. And this trip to Banff was one of the things that at this present moment in this present life I did really dread.

But done it must be and because of that, and perhaps for no other reason, would be. I think that the one really tiresome thing in life is this constant necessity to do the necessary. Oh, to be at Walden Pond! The last thing I'd do if I were there is fish! I'd probably balk at doing anything other than simply be there.

But this musing, and that is no valuable task as the world sees it, is not getting me to Banff. "All things conspire against me" as it were and so with "mirth in girth" the car and I begin our common assault on the road and the miles and the boredom of being alone in a moving no where that supposedly leads somewhere. To Banff. To meetings. To a return. None of these me. Or mine.

It's funny (that word lends itself to fantastic misunderstanding and massive doses of connotation in a world where nothing means what you really want it to mean, ever) that being subjected to a car for a long period of time makes me frightfully lonely and listless. I crave moments of lonesomeness and you'd think, at least I would, that a car would be just the place for such solitude. But it isn't, I guess, and I put little stock in any actual literal significance of that supposition, that's precisely what I mean about it being funny. The "it", that lovely impersonal signification, predicates whatever is funny.

That should take care of precision for this round.

The miles between here and there—neither place is important for the purposes of this tale I'd like to tell you, but

(please turn over)



only the telling—the miles were long and seemingly endless because they were not filled with any of the vastly requisite essentials of my life; whatever they are, will have to be shown as this little bit of nonsense progresses (or does whatever little bits of nonsense normally do.)

The clouds over there which right now are still miles from me looked foreboding only as clouds in winter time can look. Full and heavy with a cold kind of fury that lurks about, waiting for the exact moment when they can light and dampen the spirits of men most effectively.

And they can be a treacherous and hurtful since they will drown the last leaves of fall that haven't yet been blown far away from their lightingplace to corners that trap them and hold them fast in a furious grasp waiting to cover them over with cloud wetness and cloud weight. And cover the last lingering colors of life with the sterile white of life-gone and dying-time. And I hated to drive into those clouds that lurked there.

Behind me through the rear view mirror, I could see sunshine and warmth left only few short moments ago and before me stretched the cold and winter's wrath that I have never loved or learned to love in my years in this land of mostly-cold and mostly-winter. I gripped the wheel more firmly and pressed my foot, more determined to do this thing I must do. Go to Banff. Attend the meetings. Fulfill my trust. All in all, do my job. All in all, relegate my wants to my needs; my desires to my tasks; me to it.

The radio at best is a substitute and after miles of continued listening I find myself tiring of this one-sided communication. Trying to talk coherently with a radio is a most frustrating experience and proves embarrassing when a fellow wanderer on these roads to There passes by and sees you gesticulating madly to no one seen but by you. And the music becomes the rhythm by which you control this machine that mostly controls you. Fast music means fast miles; slow music means musing about all over the road; and talking by some jockey of sounds in his enviable little room out

there means exasperated silence and listening on your part.

So, a radio is not a companion; at best it is not even fit for human consumption in its rarified form, but just a box of tubes and wires that distracts from the pain of being totally alone and lonely.

But it does pass time. And those clouds come closer or you closer to them. And the wind that had not been a problem until now makes itself known to you by the slightest shiftings of the car in its lane. Small, rather insignificant drops of white uglies fall on the glass and slide gracefully down to a graceless puddle and drip to the side of the car.

When the wind does blow, and blowing only in quick spurts in these miles which yet will bring me to miles where its spurts become expanded and seemingly continuous, these small, rather defenceless drops of snow are furiously swept from the glass before they can touch that glass and join its fellows in the puddle below.

And for a few short moments its life is spared while it blows about looking for an out, an escape from the fingers of the wind. Soon, perhaps before even I am aware of the necessity, those little captive wipers whisk back and forth, back and forth, back and forth cleaning the windshield of its catch of uglies and yet filling up already for the next catch. And the miles roll under the car and the promise of a respite from the road looms up in the few miles yet to come.

Such a short time, as time goes, seems to have been spent in coming this far and getting There now doesn't seem an almost hopeless burden as a few short hours ago it had. And the time that has been spent, while maybe seeming quickly given, is gone and used only for getting There. Those moments that should have been used for being me in my own time can never be gained back or re-used and profited by. They are gone.

The restaurant with its sign that on other days in other clearness would be brilliant and intense barely made itself seen as intended. And the warmth of the room barely reached inside me where I most badly needed it. Not even the coffee, scalding as it was, could reach that far inside. I wondered seriously if I'd be warm again in the areas where these last terribly futile hours had made me cold.

About the only valuable thing I got for my stopping was news that ahead on the road to There a violent storm was raging and the mountain roads were quickly becoming dangerous—or at least more dangerous than they were by their very nature and the very nature of their travellers.

The snow that had been falling for some time on the road to where I was now, was but a foretaste of the snow that was falling now on other roads and miles to come. The urge to stop, to not go on was almost too great to override but the knowledge that staying here would only be a putting-off of the inevitable was reason enough to take the chance of rotten, snow-gutted roads and get there before night fell.

Driving from the restaurant onto the highway, I saw a slight, doubled-over man standing with a frozen cast to his body along side the road. Hitchhikers have always been to me a peculiar breed of men. Willing to get into any car with any man, they seemed a brave lot to me. Foolish perhaps, brave most certainly. I have never picked them up since I hate leaving them off somewhere.

But the miles to be gone before I got There were just too endless in this weather and hour to be borne all alone. And stopping, in that moment that seems an everlasting now, I found myself feeling afraid and stupid, but terribly in need of a companion, even one such as he might be.

As soon as I stopped I wondered at my wisdom. What had seemed a doubled over old man now straightened itself into a tall man of my own years who had been using the curves of his body as a shield against the wind that blew in gusts about him. And in the first glance into his face of wrinkles and frozen emptiness, I measured him for the human battle that was to be ours together on this road in this cold night.

Beside him on the seat he slid a small paper bag which I imagined to contain the few utensils he considered necessary to the running of his life. The only words spoken were those of distant greetings and vague gratitude of this gesture of mine against his cold.

Winter in its first brutal blast against man swirled madly about on the road and

in the fields around us and the light of the lamps on the car pointed out the way in what was fast becoming a way-less road, and behind me and my new companion mounds of snow mounted themselves against the next onslaught of wind or car that might come this way.

Fear in such circumstances can be an interesting facet of being there. I had wanted and yet not wanted to give this man my ride to There or wherever along the way he might be going. This vacillation on my part of wanting and not wanting only served to increase my apprehension about this man who now stretched his long, cold body to the warm air streams that issued from the motor into the car. Apprehension that the emptiness that stood in his face when he came into my life would soon leave and an awareness of the situation might fill it.

He could easily overpower me, if this was his desire, since he was much bigger than I. He could kill me and leave me along the road to be found by a passing Samaritan whose kindness could not be profitable to me but only to himself. And the small amounts of money that I had with me, or the car, these might be temptation enough to satisfy every man's need for real freedom from needing someone else's ride. He could drop me in the very place I now was and go off into the night.

And with each passing mile, while yet many miles stood between this place and There, the fear grew and my undecided mind when I picked up this transient person, this other transient man, my undecided mind grew even yet more undecided. I knew only that while my fears might be without reason or foundation, they were nonetheless and their being gave them credulity and firmness.

Quietly his voice broke my thoughts of fear and a soft quality I was surprised to find there made itself known to me. How long had he been talking? Had he said something I should respond to? Had he asked for my heart in any manly way? The only reply I could give without betraying that my mind had been elsewhere was a yes. It is funny, and again the predication is nebulous, that when we haven't really understood we most often say "yes," and when we have understood we most often say "no." I guess my "yes" satisfied whatever query he had made, if indeed it was query at all, for he said nothing further.

With a start he reached deeply into his rather foul coat and I tensed in the same fear fled but moments ago. But instead of a weapon, if it was a weapon that I had feared, was a small stub of another day's cigar. Add this foul smell to the already foul coat's odor and images of dark lanes and garbage can scavengers were not difficult to conjure. And my head began to ache from the anxiety that I either foolishly felt or felt intuitively. I knew that the night would get no better, but that to complicate an already dangerous situation with added danger was folly of the first order.

And, as in most human situations where we are threatened in a real or apparently real way, we seek an escape. I knew then, as the smoke filled the car and as his hand rested in his pocket grasping God-only-knows what kind of killing tool, that I had to rid myself of this newer danger. The way to There would be long and lonely again in the solitude of a car that is never companion, but the will to live, however futile living might presently appear, was paramount.

Once again along the slippery road that was quickly becoming a sheet of frozen glass, a sign shone. Ahead but a few hundred feet was my escape hatch. I said to my companion that I'd appreciate it very much if he'd jump out at this station and pick up some cigarettes. And if he liked, he could get some fresh cigars. He mumbled an affirmative reply and I drove from the road close to the station door. The light from inside the station lit the interior of the car and for the second time, as I reached into my billfold and took out a five-dollar bill and handed it to him, I looked into his face and saw him for the second time that night.

And what I saw was not at all what I had expected.

I had given this man a ride. He had put his hand out to me in need and I had responded by stopping, opening the car to his capacity, and driven him miles and miles closer to some very vague destination. And all of this was written there and it was gratitude. But not just gratitude for my kindness in giving him a ride to this place along the way to a further place, but gratitude in giving him an opportunity to do me a favor, however small. To get out of my car, to go into this place with my money, and

be trusted to return. To him, this implied an extension of my friendship if only for the few short miles to There. But even in the white flash of this recognition, that this man could and would do me no harm, I knew when he turned and left the car to do this kindness for me, I would drive off into the snow and be only as so many others must have been for this man.

Unhappily, I am so like other men and find it impossible to change my mind once I have stubbornly made it.

But as he turned he smiled a wizened smile as though he knew, but didn't hate me for it.

I felt exonerated of blame before the fact because this man had known my fear.

The next segment of the journey was a contest between me and the weather of this early winter's night. I won. But am no greater for the victory.

When I drove up to the hotel and had stopped the car, I sat wearily for a few moments trying to gather up the remnants of what was to be me for the next few days of meetings. But gradually, and almost with a sense of dread greater than ever before I had known, my eyes fell to the seat beside me and I saw the small paper bag. I had to touch it. It became absolutely imperative that I know what the man had been deprived of in my fear and running away. But before I could open the bag, before I could survey what I hoped to be only the few utensils of his life's needs, I prayed that I had not stolen something dear to him who had so little.

A few pieces of rotten paper wrapped in a soiled, but very fine, hemmed handkerchief was all that was in the bag. I found myself trembling, and almost knowing that what I would find written there would make a vast difference in all that was to be left of my life. And so it was. At the very top of the first, in a faded, fragile script, was the date, June 3, 1939, followed by these words and many more: My beloved Thomas, long have I loved thee . . .

The miles back along the road were the most pitiful miles I have ever gone. Every tall mound of snow fell apart as fast as I approached it, hoping that I would find him to return his bundle of memories and his soiled, fine handkerchief.

COME RECOLLECT YOUR THOUGHTS, SHE SAID

by John Thompson

Come recollect your thoughts, she said,
from their confusion.

I fear you are insane, she said,
I fear you are insane.

But I have thought through the long night
about who pays the dark
his doubtless large and living wage
for all his extra work

out on the country roads where live
the bashful country swains
who court their various girls in cars
until the dry day dawns.

Come recollect your thoughts, she said,
from their confusion.

I fear you are insane, she said,
I fear you are insane.

Who will attack the falling stars
and fight them till they run
back to their sky like beaten dogs
to resume shining down?

And who will dare to walk through day
upon a sea of drought,
beneath the sun's poor penniless
disreputable light?

Come recollect your thoughts, she said,
from their confusion.

I fear you are insane, she said,
I fear you are insane.

BARROOM BAROMETER

by James Malcolm

Whirling

Frothy

Spirits

Into a

Shrinking

B e l l y

Recoiled in

Agonized anticipation
Of alcoholic onslaught.
Glass and mind tipping
To the dizzy rhythm of
Glazed and rolling
Eyes. These are the
Eloquent frequenters of
The round table in
Conscious arrival and
Staggered m i n d l e s s
D e p a r t u r e .

ON SEEING THE MOVIE "9½"

by Al Goulden

Sometimes I move within a circle of
timeless certainty

All is done again before

—and finally

—begun

The "play within a play"

An endless dichotomy

Where the director becomes the actor

And the audience

spectators of their own creation

In a whirling continuum

—a vacuum of lite

so full of brilliance

Yet as a black-blank page.

A world where dice roll 8½

Women have bodies fulfilled

thick,

of pliable handfulness;

Where,

tired,

All join hands

In a great circle-dance

And no-one stands in the centre.

TELL ME, DADDY

by James Malcolm

"Tell me, daddy, what it's like to die?"

"Tell me, child, why you ask such questions?"

"Because I was thinking today
that if I had no dreams to dream,
if I had no games to play,
if I couldn't see the wind
or listen to a flower's smell,
if there was no sun to hope for
and everything was dark because
somehow it fell, if I didn't know
that someone like you cared
when I'm hurt, or lost, or sad
or if I grew old like you
and couldn't sing, or shout, or run
and sometimes be real bad,
if I had no place to be
or stone to throw across the brook
so that I could know it flew,
and if I couldn't feel way down inside
the little lump that grows and jumps around
whenever mother sings or someone plays
a tune, and I see and hear and touch the sound,
if I couldn't cry, or be alone beside that tree
to hear its swishy voice and be a leaf
sailing in a flutter to the ground,
if I couldn't grow a little bigger
every day, but shrank from year
to year the way you do,
and if I was so good I couldn't
be better the way you've said you are,
I think I'd be dead, don't you?"

INSIDE OUT

Sickness is not the greater part of the game, no matter how many poets tell you it is. The most dangerous thing is to believe a poet, for he doesn't know most of the time whether he's telling the truth or not. But don't stop reading poetry for that sake.

What I want to say is that I think the true "unacknowledged legislators of mankind" are the humorists. It is they who see the healthy and the sick, the despicable and the admirable, in balance. But they never say that sickness is the greater part of the game. And I would like to suggest that the greatest poets are probably also humorists—and I include all of them from Chaucer to Walt Kelly.

If a poet never makes you smile, beware of him!

Take that, Walt Whitman.

* * *

Since I've become an editor I've looked at more unseen-by-other-human-eyes-before poetry than in all my previous life. And it's a rougher task than I anticipated, this having to evaluate and select or discard.

For some reason most college writers think it's easier to write poetry than prose; while in truth what they end up writing is more frequently bad prose disguised by being written in short and fragmented lines straggled down a page. If they had read their William Carlos Williams more carefully they could see the difference.

That's the sermon for this issue.

* * *

Now, progress reports:

I've received a great deal of congratulations on the first issue of **Inside**, for all of which I am grateful. I've had a few nasty cracks from sociologists, but no offer from any of them to write an article. And one person wondered why we bothered to bother about Barry Westgate, which is perhaps a point well taken, but I think that John Thompson's article was also informative about the nature of criticism and important for that reason.

What I haven't got, and would like to get, are some criticisms of the magaz-

ine. With two issues now gone, you should have a better idea of what we are attempting and where we are failing. This magazine cannot be, no matter how I feel about it, merely an extension of myself. It **must** be an extension of you. If **Inside** is blithely accepted we have failed to some extent.

Both Bill Somers' and Peter Menzel's articles in this issue are the sort of thing I would like to publish most frequently—incisive, intelligent, clever and witty insights to relatively common subjects. Just because a subject is handled esoterically, it doesn't mean the subject is esoteric. Look around you and you'll find a dozen things to tell someone else in a new way.

* * *

Though I have quite hastily discarded some material which has come into the office, I have not been so rapid with all of it. The two fables by Bohdan Harysimiw, for example, are unsolicited and appreciated material. We hope to hear more from him in the course of the year.

And I would like to say that is easier to judge ten or twelve poems rather than one. If you feel your poetry is worth publishing, show me a sheaf of it rather than just one example. If you can talk it over with me, so much the better; but be forewarned, I have definite tastes and predilections.

And, surely there is someone among the 8,000 who wants to try his hand at parodies.

* * *

And, Conscience, if I haven't been too funny myself in this particular issue, forgive me, for I feel that we have published some rather funny material.

I haven't forgotten you. I think I never could. And you're still in the back of my mind telling me we have to entertain as well as inform, with the emphasis perhaps on the former.

Let us not be guilty, as the Education Methods people and the Sociologists are, of pursuing "whatsoever things are truis-
tic."

The Editor.